

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
 You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing
 caves,
Beneath the windy wall

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
 I would the white cold heavy-plunging
 foam,
 Whirled by the wind, had rolTd me deep
 below,
*Then when I left my home.*⁹

Like ashes the low cliffs crumble,
 The banks drop down in the dust,
 The heights of the hills are made humble,
 As a reed's is the strength of their trust;
 As a city's that armies environ,
 The strength of their stay is of sand;
 But the grasp of the sea is as iron,
Laid hard on the land.

Or the hush may come before the last line,
 as in Hous-
 man's:

When lads were home from labour
 At Abdon under Clee,
 A man would call his neighbour
 And both would send for me.
 And where the light in lances
 Across the mead was laid,
There to the dances
 I fetched my flute and played.

Which in its turn, it may well be by
 coincidence, recalls
 that lovely halt and check of Campion's:
 Kind are her answers,

But her performance keeps no day,
Breaks time as dancers,

From their own music when they stray.

The dramatists, again, just as the poets
 have made
 Silence finish their lines for them, have
 brought her to
 fill a part upon their stage; above all (by a
 paradox which
 is yet a natural combination of opposites)
 the loudest-
 tongued among them, Aeschylus. Perhaps,
 gleaner from